

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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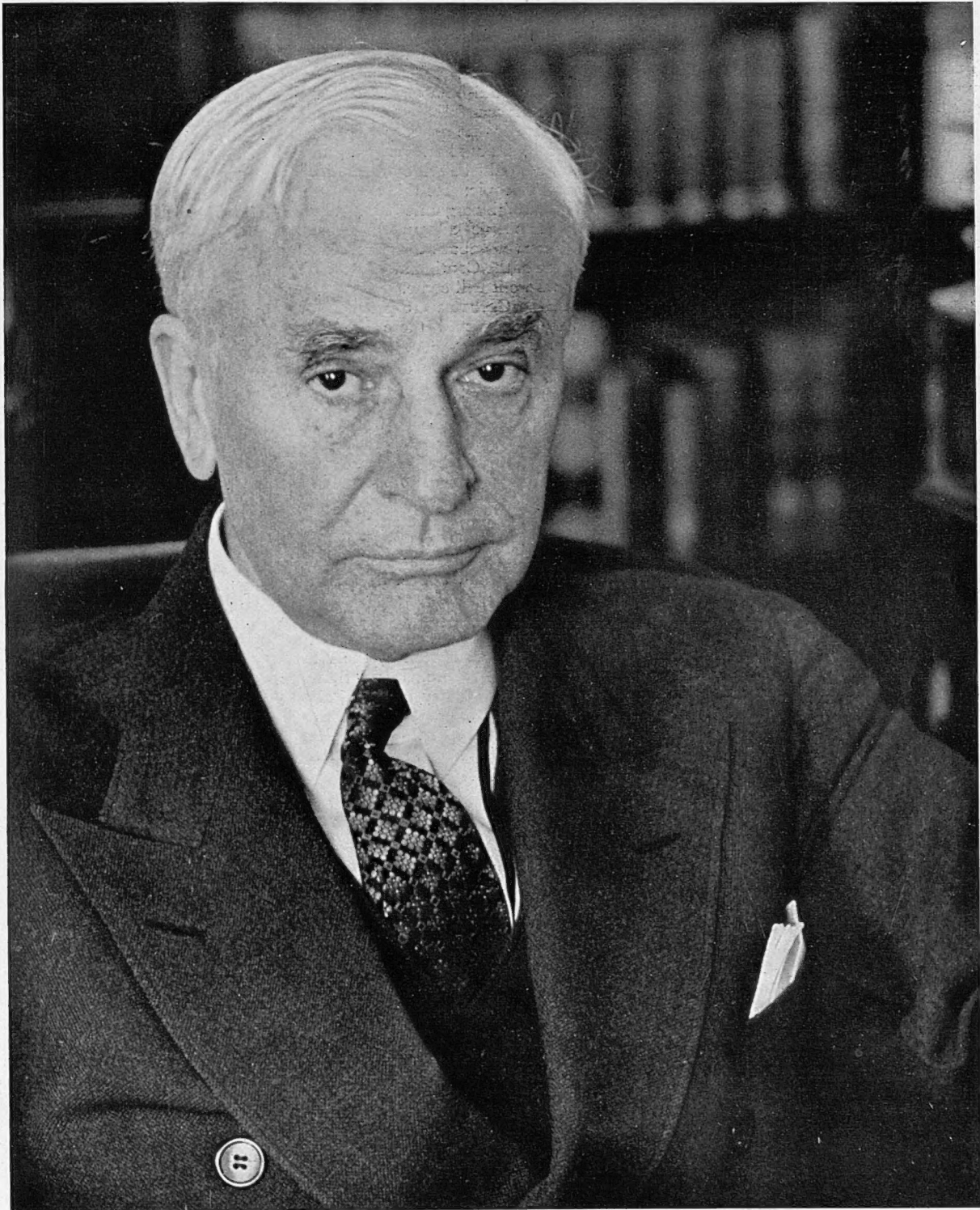
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Mr. Cordell Hull, United States' Secretary of State

For nearly ten years, Mr. Cordell Hull has been U.S. Secretary of State and one of the most important men in Washington. Born in a log cabin on Star Point in the Tennessee hills, he showed an early interest in law and politics. He has always been a most ardent champion of democracy and is now one of the foremost statesmen in the world. In a recent broadcast outlining the framework of peace and mutual aid to restore law, Mr. Cordell Hull summed up with these words: "The all-important issue is winning the war, winning it as soon as possible, winning it decisively. Into that we must put our utmost effort—now, every day, until victory is won." Mr. Cordell Hull's biography, written by Lt.-Col. Harold Hinton with a foreword by Mr. Sumner Welles, has just been published over here by Hurst & Blackett



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight."

Second Front

SECOND-FRONT emotion has been steadily rising. In the last few weeks it has reached remarkable proportions. The grim news from Russia is no doubt partly responsible for this. But more responsible, in my opinion, is the organising ability of the British Communists and some of our extreme Left-wing politicians. Almost every platform has got its "Second-front" advocate. The advocacy is usually a wild mixture of sentiment and politics, with very little military common sense. I wonder if those who have been clamouring for the second front have ever paused to consider the cost in human life. Our generals must constantly bear this in mind—I always find the good soldier a most humane man—for failure would be their fault. The clamant advocates of the second front would not be there to defend them if things went wrong. Still, brushing aside the sentiment and the organising skill of Left-wing politicians, it is good to see, as Mr. Churchill mentioned many months ago, that the country is roused to a higher and yet higher degree of determination to defeat the enemy. The Gallup Poll, organised by the British Institute of Public Opinion which the *News Chronicle* prints at regular intervals, shows that sixty per cent of the population of Great Britain would favour a second front this year. Twelve per cent are opposed to a second front in 1942, while twenty-eight per cent declined to give any opinion.

French Warning

M. ANDRÉ PHILIP, leader at forty of the underground movement in France, has at last reached London with a warning. Having escaped from Lyons shortly after Whitsun, he got to London by a circuitous route and made

immediate contact with General de Gaulle. M. Philip had a remarkable story to tell the leader of the Fighting French. Each morning the people of Brittany look out to sea wondering when British invasion ships will come. But M. Philip says that it would be a terrible thing if there were an unsuccessful landing, French hostages would suffer the penalty of death. Given a successful landing, however, M. Philip is sure that there would be widespread revolt among the French people. He thinks that this revolt should be carefully organised in advance, and the French people adequately armed. Hitler is highly nervous about the prospects of an Allied invasion of the Continent. He doesn't know when or where it will come. His spokesmen assert that the Germans are prepared to meet it at any point; and there are now regular invasion tests on the Continent. The tension is considerable for Hitler, as M. Philip says it is for the French people who want to be free. The final decision about the second front rests between the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt. Neither of them can be accused of ever holding back. Both are men who have never been over-cautious. They have great personal courage, which is equalled only by their determined characters. Therefore, let us leave them to set the time and place for this great human sacrifice; for none can doubt that the casualties must necessarily be heavy.

Gandhi, Defeatist

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS was chosen by the War Cabinet to broadcast to the United States an explanation of British policy in India, also a warning to Mr. Gandhi. Sir Stafford's abortive attempt to bring political understanding and eventual freedom to India made

him the most suitable person to deliver such a broadcast, which contained a plain hint of the Government's intentions. Gandhi, he said, would jeopardise the freedom of the cause of the United Nations rather than wait until after the war for Indian independence. But the British Government could not allow the actions of a visionary to thwart the United Nations' drive for victory. The truth is that Gandhi is a mixture of political ambition and abject defeatism. He is frightened of the Japanese, but has a mystic belief that he alone can avert disaster by his pacifist utterances. He cleverly associates China with a statement that if he were a free man, and were allowed to visit Japan, he would do so, risking his health and maybe his life, to make his personal appeal. Gandhi is playing a political game with the British Government in order to bolster up the declining influence of the Congress Party. He knows full well that the British Government will not accede to his wild demands, but he hopes that the War Cabinet might be induced to produce another plan, which would enable Congress to dominate further discussions. The War Cabinet are not likely to play Gandhi's game; they have other plans for the future.

Empire Visitor

IN London to join in the deliberations of the War Cabinet, and to discuss New Zealand's further contribution to the war effort, is Mr. Walter Nash, one of the most distinguished of our Empire statesmen. After holding several posts in the New Zealand Government with distinction, he is now Minister in Washington. Mr. Nash was born in Kidderminster, sixty years ago, and went to New Zealand as a young man. He became one of the leaders of the Labour Party there, and his grasp of economics, supported by his strong imperial faith, soon made him a leading figure in New Zealand. He is a devout churchman, and was responsible for introducing prayers at nine o'clock each night in the New Zealand Parliament. In Washington, Mr. Nash has established close relations with President Roosevelt. Although Mr. Nash has only been in America for seven months, he has seen vast changes as the tempo of the war machine increased. He believes that Pearl Harbour was responsible for the sudden change of American outlook, but asserts that President Roosevelt set, and has maintained, the tempo.

New Party

WE have got a new political party. It is called Common Wealth. Its leaders are Mr. J. B. Priestley and Sir Richard Acland. They were respectively the creators of the 1941 Committee and the Forward March Movement. In the merger, the leaders and their supporters are pledged to work for common ownership, a more vital war effort and a peace worth fighting for. Sir Richard Acland is himself a vital young man with dark, aquiline features. He is one of the most enthusiastic extremists in the Liberal Party, excitable in manner, but undaunted in his determination. He sits in the House of Commons, a place which Mr. J. B. Priestley has so far declined to grace with his comfortable figure and slow, rather pompous mode of oratory. Mr. Priestley organised the 1941 Committee after he had gained some notoriety from his Sunday night postscripts. These postscripts contained nothing new or inspiring. They did, in all probability, find an echo in many British breasts, for Mr. Priestley is a highly successful, and therefore highly paid, novelist as well as broadcaster. The new political party will support Mr. Churchill as leader of the nation, but not as leader of the Conservative Party. Mr. Priestley and his friends are equally as critical of the



A Victoria Cross for Captain Eric Wilson

For most conspicuous gallantry, Captain Eric Wilson, of the East Surrey Regiment received the V.C. While in command of machine gun posts defending the Tug Argan Gap in British Somaliland, Captain Wilson and his Somali gunners beat off attacks, causing heavy casualties to the enemy. When severely wounded he carried on until his post was overrun and he was taken prisoner. He was later released when our forces captured Asmara. His mother and sister went with him to the Palace



D.S.C. for St. Nazaire Hero

Lieutenant Alick Green, R.N., who comes from Oxford, won the D.S.C. for taking his motor gun boat into St. Nazaire in the face of tremendous opposition. Here he is seen leaving the Palace after the investiture



Four Officers of H.M.S. Torbay Decorated at Buckingham Palace

Besides the four officers seen above, twenty-four men of H.M.S. Torbay, the submarine that attacked shipping in an enemy harbour in the Mediterranean, were decorated at the same investiture. On the left are Lieutenant Paul Chapman, who received a bar to his D.F.C., won in 1941 for courage, enterprise and devotion to duty; Lieutenant H. Kidd, D.F.C., who received the D.S.O.; and Lieutenant David Verschoyle-Campbell, who got a bar to his D.F.C., awarded for gallantry and resolution in submarine patrols. On the right is the commanding officer of H.M.S. Torbay, Commander Anthony C. C. Miers, with his nephews, Douglas and David, going to receive his Victoria Cross



Conservative Party as of the Labour Party. The Labour Party is accused of indecisive and inadequate leadership over the last ten years.

General Election Talk

PARLIAMENT will shortly adjourn for a restricted summer recess with not a few members concerned about the continuance of rumours which suggest an early General Election. I should think that there is not more than a handful of members in any party anxious for a General Election. There are too many problems and too many dangers involved in asking the country to vote at such a critical time. Nevertheless there are influential people at work encouraging General Election talk. Even the Common Wealth Party have their views on this matter. They say that they would prefer a General Election to the domination of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. They also want to see the end of the present political truce, which they argue would leave the Labour Party free to withdraw from the Government if the Conservative Party leaders did not accede to all Labour's demands. It's a fine piece of political manoeuvring which may lead to a General Election if more care is not taken. What a chance Goebbels would have if the country were given up to a political beanfeast at this time! There's no other way of voting save at the polls. Some politicians have been working on a variety of methods by which they believe they could shorten and simplify the election process. But none of these methods would work, for once the long-established rules are modified, there is danger to the Democratic system under which we live.

Young Governor

AT the age of thirty-eight the Hon. Evelyn Baring has been appointed Governor of Southern Rhodesia. This son of Lord Cromer shows all the signs of following in the footsteps of his distinguished father. He joined the Indian Civil Service to become, in 1929, agent of the Government of India in South Africa. He held this post for five years, and therefore has plenty of experience which will stand him in good stead. Nevertheless he is the youngest man ever appointed to an important Governor-

ship. The responsibilities are considerable, but his friends will watch his career with interest as well as confidence. There is a persistent rumour that Sir Roger Lumley, former Conservative M.P. for York, who is now Governor of Bombay, will become Viceroy of India. Sir Roger is in the middle forties, and his youthful energy has stood him in good stead in his Governorship. Undoubtedly when there is a change in the Viceroyship, his name must be considered. For the moment, however, Lord Linlithgow is fulfilling a difficult and delicate task to the utmost satisfaction of the War Cabinet.

War News

IN Egypt General Auchinleck cautiously pursues his tactics. He has not committed himself to any daring strategy or any mad rushes, but there is reason to believe that his strength increases almost daily. At any moment he will be in a position to administer a crushing blow against Rommel. In Russia, Rostov is

once more in the hands of the Germans, and Hitler is throwing all his strength against the indomitable Russian soldiers. The next phase will be the battle of Stalingrad, which may prove one of the decisive struggles of the present campaign. Hitler is fighting against time. Stalin is fighting for time. As the weeks pass, winter comes nearer, and Stalin believes that Hitler's troops will not be able to weather the extremes of the Russian climate for another winter. Meanwhile, Hitler has opened a small-scale bombing offensive against Britain. Scattered raiders are making hit and run attacks. This enables Hitler's propaganda machine to tell the German people lurid stories of the damage they are inflicting on us. Not for many years has the weather in Europe been so perverse. The Royal Air Force have been compelled to diminish the size of their raids on Germany. But with the improvement in the weather, the regularity and the size of the raiding forces will increase, and Germany will pay the heavier toll.



D.F.C. for an Airman

Wing Commander Edward Colbeck-Welch, R.A.F., went to the recent investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive the D.F.C. from the King. The Wing Commander was accompanied by his wife



A Naval Award

Lieutenant Anthony Taudevin, R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. Worcester, was awarded the D.S.C. at the investiture. His mother, Flight Officer Taudevin, went to see her son receive his decoration at the Palace

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Singing Schoolgirl

By James Agate

SOMETIMES Hollywood gets it into its head to burlesque itself. It has even been known to do this very cleverly. Then, why, in Heaven's name, doesn't it film Carl Van Vechten's *Spider Boy*, the best of all exposés of Hollywood nonsense? Listen to the director, Griesheimer, expounding the whole philosophy of the film to Ambrose, the writer of successful plays:

"Only remember this: When you write a story for the pictures always keep in mind the great public that sees 'em. Think of the mothers and young girls that's going to sit out in front. Purity first, that's the motto of L.L.B. Love, sure—even passion, but keep your story moral. Never forget the wages of sin is death, but if the motive is moral you can get in quite a lot of necking.

Say, we like to get necking into the pictures—it helps trade—but don't have any girls expecting to be mothers. It may be real life but it ain't reel life. . . ." He laughed uproariously at his pun before he proceeded: "I been thinking over your case a lot since you come in here the other day—I knew you'd be back—and I decided the best way for you to get acquainted with the game is to talk it over with one of our bright boys.

We got a whole factory full o' bright boys getting paid for just such emergencies. They ain't so much on writing themselves, but give 'em something to dig their teeth into and they're full of ideas about hairbreadth escapes and emotional close-ups.

Besides they fool around a lot and see all the previews and releases. They know the game. Now take a fellow like you that's new to the business, you're sure to be chock-full of novel ideas. Some of 'em should be practical. Well the bright boys'll know. Picture stories ain't written, they're re-written. You'd be surprised at what goes on with a story here before it reaches me. And when I get it," Griesheimer added significantly, "I write it all over again."

AND now for another subject. A stranger writes to me from Notting Hill Gate:

Have pity on me! Or, at least, tell me what to do. I am a poster artist, and three years ago took a studio here on a long lease. Alas, I had reckoned without the people next door. Or rather, one of them—a Female with a Voice. This she exercises regularly every morning between the hours of eight and nine. The voice is hard, piercing, and charmless. I could support this were it not slightly sharp, at my computation one-sixteenth of a tone, never more and never less. Even this, though I hate all music; I could bear. It is her repertoire which has got me down.

Here, according to expert information, it is. The "Bell Song" from *Lakmé*. This is followed by some damned nonsense from *Figaro*. After which we proceed with something from *La Bohème*, and finally either *Il Bacio* or the Waltz from Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*. On Sundays the performance begins at ten and includes "Ah, fors'è lui" from *La Traviata*. Three times three hundred and sixty-five are one thousand and ninety-five. Please appreciate, Mr. Agate, that I have to listen to these shocking sounds one thousand and ninety-five times, except the Verdi, which I have had to endure only one hundred and fifty-six times.

Even the war gives no prospect of release. I am still something of a cripple from the last one, and the young woman is in a Government office. It is said that one can get used to most things, and I had become more or less inured. But a worse thing has happened. This is that on two or three days a week the young woman has started evening practice. As I never know which evening she is going to choose I suffer as, you doubtless remember, De Quincey suffered. "A peacock had come to live within hearing distance from him, and not only the terrific yells of the accursed biped pierced him to the soul, but the continued terror of their recurrence kept his nerves in agonising tension during the intervals of silence." I understand you are fond of music. *Will you change houses with me?*

I TAKE it that the young lady has missed her career. She ought to have been one of the film Children with a Voice. There is another of this kind on view at the Warner Picture House. One of our highbrow critics informed us last Sunday that "about little Gloria Warren, the film's latest schoolgirl with a voice, there is no suggestion of precocity, of the enfante (sic) prodigue." But why should we expect Gloria to have eaten of the husks the swine did eat? How, with the best will in the world, can she return to a home she has never left? We are not told even that she squanders her pocket-money. But perhaps the writer confused "enfant prodigue" with "enfant prodige." Why not lay out a few pennies on a Larousse, and incidentally, con the sentence: "Suzanne est une gentille enfant"? This matter of inaccuracy is becoming an obsession with me. I rage, I burn, but do not melt, whenever I meet it, which is all over the place. Whenever I am unsure of my ground I get myself vetted—a mixed metaphor which will have to do. If I must discuss the operation known as laparotomy I consult a laparotomist; if that branch of divination known as lampadomancy, then a lampadomancer. And I look up the dictionary to see how both are spelt! Why should not other critics do likewise?

BUT to return to Gloria. Did not this small-town Tetrizzini, in the film the other night, sing Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody to mouth-organ accompaniment by the local hicks, half an hour after being tipped out of a speed-boat? But Gloria is not, and perhaps never will be, a Jeanette Macdonald. In the mind's eye I see that diva perched on that upturned keel and undeterably bawling "Ocean, thou mighty monster!"

However, Gloria does her best. She sings a song entitled "Always in my Heart," of which the refrain goes something like this:

Can't say exactly when,
But I know we'll meet again,
And, darling, tho' we part,
You'll be always in my heart.

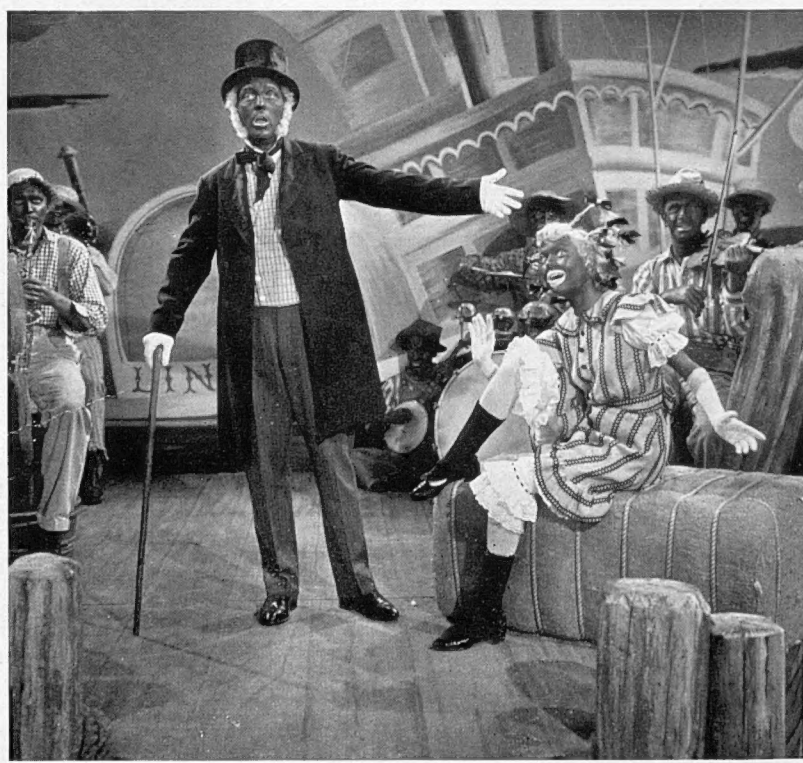
Dreadful rubbish sung to the most drivelling of tunes. Gloria may or may not be always in my heart. At the present moment I am chiefly busy getting the song out of my memory.



Astaire
Berlin
Crosby
at the
"Holiday Inn"

Three great names, the A B C of filmland, combine their talents in *Holiday Inn*, now at the Plaza: Fred Astaire (with two new dancing partners, Marjorie Reynolds and Virginia Dale), Irving Berlin (who contributes no less than twelve typically Berlin numbers), and Bing Crosby (who puts those numbers over as only Crosby can). It is a light-hearted entertainment directed by Mark Sandrich, the right sort of tonic for days like these

Left: Astaire dances
Right: Crosby croons

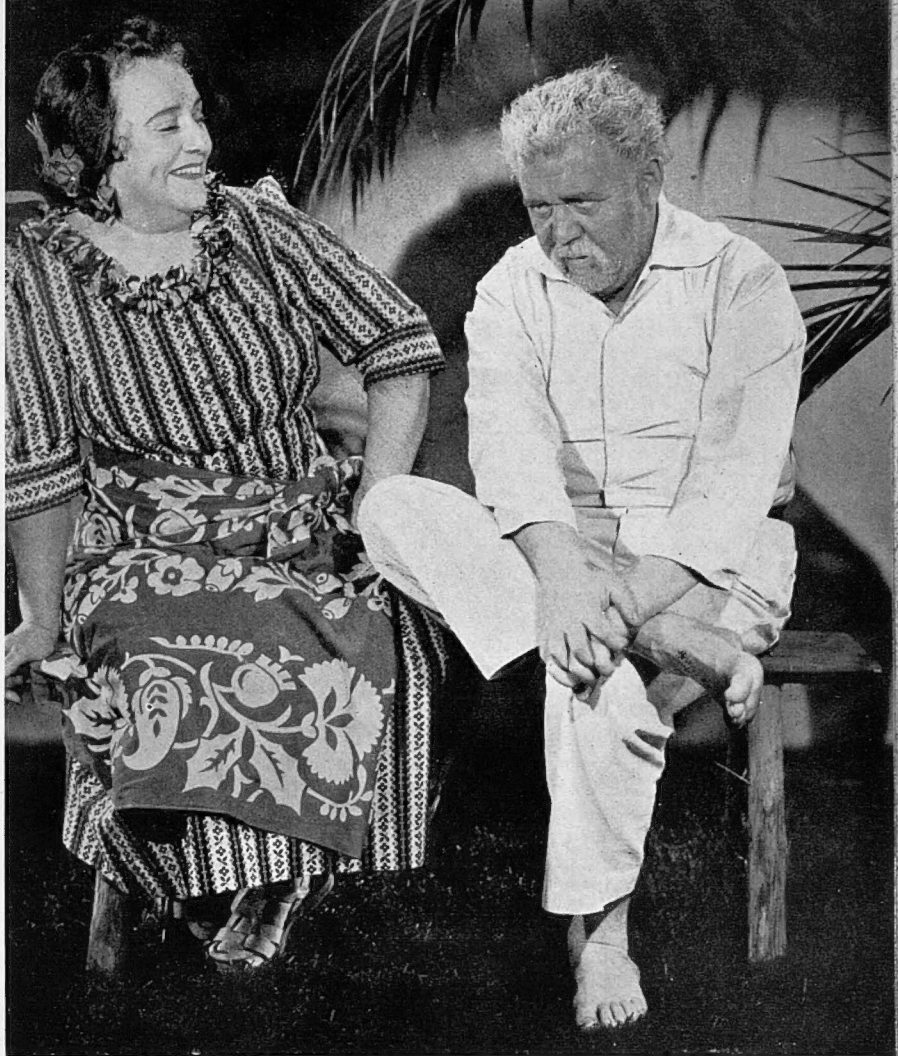


The Tuttles of Tahiti

Beach-comber Laughton Fathers a Happy-go-lucky Family



Chester (Jon Hall) eldest of the Tuttle boys, comes home from a long voyage at sea, his only luggage a game-cock. He tries to woo and win Tamara Taio (Peggy Drake), daughter of a prosperous Tahitian family



The Tuttles decide to wager all their possessions on a fight between Chester's game-cock and the Taio's game-cock. Old Jonas discusses the terms of the wager with Emily Taio. The Tuttles' game-cock is beaten and Emily refuses to allow her daughter, Tamara, to wed the penniless Chester

The *Tuttles of Tahiti* had its London premiere on August 2. Directed by Charles Vidor, it tells the story of an improvident Tahitian family of which Jonas (Charles Laughton) is head. Lazy but happy, the Tuttles make what little money they need by catching bonito (foodfish) until one day they discover a derelict schooner and with petrol taken from her cargo tow the ship into port collecting several thousands of pounds in salvage money. Rich beyond their wildest dreams, the Tuttles go on a wild spending spree and within a few weeks recklessly squander all they have. We leave the family as we found them, once again borrowing a few francs for petrol, with nothing to bless themselves with but the happiness of their carefree existence. With Charles Laughton is Jon Hall, already a veteran of many romances of the South Seas

Out fishing the Tuttle boys discover a derelict schooner. They collect several thousand pounds salvage money. Chester and Tamara marry. The family buy a car, hire a Chinese chauffeur and indulge in a fine orgy of spending



Mama Ruau is the oldest member of the Tuttle family. Even she gets a new dress when fortune is good. Mama Ruau is played by Adeline de Walt Reynolds, now eighty years old, who only recently took up acting

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Othello (New)

IF Mr. Wells's time machine were available, and we could thus attend a performance by Shakespeare's own company, which of the plays, I wonder, would draw the largest audience? *Hamlet*, perhaps, or one of the comedies. My own choice would be *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I should like to see how the original actors managed this loveliest of pastorals, and to hear Oberon and Titania speak their enchanting lines. Did they, as some suppose, speak in broad Warwickshire, or had they not a mannered method and rhetoric of their own? Whatever the method and the speech, we may be sure that they had style.

This time defying trip would doubtless surprise us as deeply as its converse would surprise Shakespeare, could he find himself in Regent's Park one of these fine nights, watching and listening to Mr. Robert Atkins's lively version of *The Dream* on the open-air stage. For, if we may well assume that his own actors had style, it is tolerably certain that such style differed as much from Mr. Atkins's alfresco freedoms as from modern enclosed methods of presentation, or the ingenious reconstructions of our own apron staggers.

BUT these are aery speculations. Our immediate concern is not with them, but with the solid production of *Othello* which opened the Old Vic repertory season at the New. This had several virtues, the chief of which were the well-designed and imaginatively lighted production by Mr. Julius Gellner, and the performances by Mr. Frederick Valk and Mr. Bernard Miles of the two leading characters.

Mr. Valk, a Czech, is an impressive actor. He has presence, style, and a magnificent voice. Though handicapped by an accent that seemed to iron out some of his English and make it

elusive, the emotions of the part were never underplayed. His Othello, monumental in repose and volcanic in eruption, had dignity as well as power. His voice is an organ indeed, with a core to it, and a vibrant range we seldom hear. He was no blackamoor, but the Moor of Venice, and he revealed Othello's primitive simplicity as well as released his daemons. The quiet passages were never empty; and when the eruptions came they overwhelmed, and his speech thundered. The



A fine performance is given by Bernard Miles as Iago. Here he is with Freda Jackson, as Emilia



Mr. Laurence Payne is a spirited Cassio, Lieutenant to Othello. With him is Renee Ascherson as Bianca, a courtesan, and Cassio's mistress

sight of Miss Hermione Hannen's fragile but orchidaceous Desdemona, clinging to this bastion of a man, was like the glint of gold in some auriferous rock.

The Iago of Mr. Bernard Miles was a complete contrast in method, speech and style. Vulpine in looks and temper, and fanged of speech, this Iago suggested a true product of the Levant. His attack was impetuous. The soliloquies, which confide the motive and invent the means of Iago's villainy, were explicitly delivered. He schemed prodigious evil less for scheming's sake, though that had its attraction, than as self-expression; and his finessing of Othello's jealousy was as perilous as the passage between Scylla and Charybdis. He knew it, and with reason; for Mr. Valk's smouldering response to the bait was superbly dangerous.

Mr. Miles, one felt, would be happily at home on any stage that gave him intimate contact with his audience, of which he seemed as eagerly aware as confident of capturing. He does not play to the gallery, but takes the excited attention of the whole house for granted. An idiosyncratic burr in some of his consonants, and a snarl in some of his vowels, have yet to become distinctive virtues; but one felt that his previous experience in intimate revue had not been time wasted.

How often, even in more ambitious productions of Shakespeare, has one not felt that the characters lacked a common social background; that they had met, as characters, for the first time at rehearsal, and shared the situations and settings of the play only while the curtain was up and the play in progress. One did not feel that here. The production is homogeneous, and each member of the company plays for the team, rather than for his or her own hand.

Miss Freda Jackson's spontaneous Emilia was very effective; Miss Renee Ascherson's Bianca, through a laudable desire, no doubt, to make that feature in the story tell, was, I thought, too shrill. The shimmering beauty of Miss Hannen's Desdemona lingers in memory; though her death lost something of its pathos through the deliberation and realism of its accomplishment. The stage direction is "smothers her," not "strangles her"; and the luxuriant witchery of her pale gold wig lent to the contingent holocaust, not the poignancy of contrast, but a "Sleeping Princess" glamour.

This production, which vindicated the quality of a much travelled company, should refresh the ancient and honourable controversy as to which play, *Othello* or *Macbeth*, is Shakespeare's supreme technical achievement. It also proved that Shakespeare (as Ben Jonson foresaw) "is not of an age, but for all time."



Othello, Moor of Venice, is played by Frederick Valk, a Czech; Desdemona by Hermione Hannen. "Othello" is the first of the Shakespearean plays to be performed by the Old Vic Company in its present season at the New Theatre

This Week's Revival

"The Man With a
Load of Mischief"



"Oh, fie, my Lord, what do you take me for?"
"I take you for a pretty woman who knows how to be
discreet" (Alan Trotter and Pauline Wynn)



"My Lord and my Lady, supper is served" (Kynaston Reeves, Alan
Trotter, Ruth Robinson, Andrew Leigh, Pauline Wynn, Mary Newcomb)

Ashley Dukes' famous comedy was first produced in 1925 at the Haymarket Theatre, and has since been played with great success all over the world. To-day (August 5th), *The Man With a Load of Mischief* returns to us at the Mercury Theatre. The Lady is played by Mary Newcomb, and this is her first appearance on the London stage since she founded her own company, the Mary Newcomb Players, in 1939, for the entertainment of the troops in Southern Command. Besides waiving royalties, Ashley Dukes is giving the Mercury Theatre rent free, and profits from *The Man With a Load of Mischief* are to go to Miss Newcomb's company to enable them to carry on with their excellent work. Playing opposite her is Kynaston Reeves as the Man, and the other members of the cast of six are Andrew Leigh as the Innkeeper, Ruth Robinson as his Wife, while the roles of the Nobleman and the Maid are taken by Alan Trotter and Pauline Wynn



"This inn creaks with misgiving. It is full of stratagems and mysteries.
I must know the truth" (Kynaston Reeves and Mary Newcomb)

Photographs by
John Vickers

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Luncheon Parties

A SERIES of small, informal lunches at Buckingham Palace has given nearly every member of the Government the opportunity of conversing socially with the King and Queen. Their Majesties have entertained their guests mostly in pairs, and the strictly austerity meals seemed almost accentuated by the royal magnificence of the royal setting. The King adopts this method of keeping contact with his Ministers because of the time-saving value, which enables him to have more extended conversations with them than would otherwise be possible. Though, of course, affairs of State are naturally kept out of the conversation, generalisation about the war is often the dominant topic. The conversation roams over a wide field, however. The Queen usually steers it into channels of such subjects as books, music and art. As those privileged to be numbered among her friends know well, Her Majesty is a brilliant conversationist, with a range of knowledge that is wide and accurate. The King, of course, with the immense and ever-growing experience of public affairs that is his, coupled with the background of his own extensive reading before he came to the throne, can speak with authority on any number of matters.

The Duke of Kent at Private Pre-View

THE Duke of Kent, who has certainly inherited the greater share of Queen Mary's love of antiques and objets d'art, had a private pre-view of the furniture and effects of his grand-uncle, the late Duke of Connaught, at Bagshot Park, before the sale. With a personal friend, who is one of the best-known antique dealers in London, the Duke spent a whole morning at the house, but found no real treasures. Most of the Duke's collection was of personal and sentimental, rather than market, value.

Not Cowes or Long Island, but London

ALLIED chiefs in London had one of their happiest gatherings the other day, when the R.O.R.C. was officially opened by King Haakon of Norway at 20, St. James's Place. The Club's initials suggest a rollicking combination of raucous cry and fabulous ocean-going bird, closely related to the Roc of Sinbad's encounters. Actually they stand for Royal Ocean Racing Club. Founded in 1925, the Club qualified to be called Royal in 1930, when the late King George V. became a patron, and its peacetime purpose is to encourage long-distance, "off-shore" yacht racing. It sponsors the Fastnet Race from the Solent round the Fastnet rock and back to Plymouth, a distance of 600 miles. This race has been won three times by American yachts, once by a Dutch one, and in 1938 was held between Dover and Kristiansand, in Norway.

Every candidate for membership of the Club must have completed one of its ocean races, either as owner in his own vessel, or as a satisfactory crew member, and of the total membership of 680 (which includes American and foreign members), 382 are serving in his Majesty's Forces. Since the war, officers of the Allied navies are welcomed to the Club as honorary members. Bombs which destroyed the original premises are the reason for the move to 20, St. James's Place, where everyone seemed very happy, the cheerful yachting reminiscences of hearty members producing a good atmosphere.

Distinguished Guests

KING HAAKON was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Norway, Prince Olav, in naval uniform, and an entourage of smart, uniformed Norwegians. His Majesty wore naval uniform, the sleeves heavy—almost solid to the elbow—with gold braid, and genially talked and smiled his way through the throng.



Harlip

A Recent Engagement

Captain Sir Arundell Neave, Bt., Welsh Guards, elder son of the late Sir Thomas Neave, Bt., and Lady Neave, of Dagnam Park, Essex, is engaged to Miss Nadine Marie Cathryn Pilcher, daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. C. H. Pilcher, of 11, Wilton Place, S.W., and Ifley Turn House, Oxford

Distinguished guests included the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.; the Second Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Sir William Whitworth, K.C.B., D.S.O.; Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., K.C.B., F.O.I.C. London; the Assistant to the Second Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G.; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., etc.; Lord Queenborough, who is a Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club; Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Commodore, Royal Western Yacht Club; Vice-Admiral Swirski, C-in-C. Polish Navy; Rear-Admiral Corneliussen, C-in-C. Royal Norwegian Navy; Rear-Admiral Daniellson, Royal Norwegian Navy; Rear-Admiral

(Continued on page 170)



Buckinghamshire Wedding

Lieut. the Hon. Robert Andrew Inskip, R.N.V.R., son of Viscount and Viscountess Caldecote, and Miss Jean Hamilla Hamilton were married at St. Nicholas's, Cuddington, Bucks., on July 22nd. She is the daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. D. H. Hamilton, of Dadbrook House, Cuddington, where the reception was held



A Wedding Group in Kenya

Major Hugo Douglas Tweedie, Scots Guards, elder son of the late Mr. John Tweedie and Mrs. Tweedie, of Eradour, North Berwick, and Miss Moyra Eileen Scott, daughter of Lord Francis Montagu-Douglas-Scott and the late Lady Francis Scott, of Deloraine, Rongai, Kenya, were married at the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi. Above are Colonel Roger Hurt (best man), the bride and bridegroom, Lt.-Colonel Lord Francis Scott, Miss Pamela Scott and Miss Anne Joyce (bridesmaids)



Manor Farm, the Erleighs' Wiltshire Home

A Family of Three

Lord and Lady Erleigh and Their Son
in Wiltshire



Father, Mother and Son, with Wozzy the Dalmatian

Viscount Erleigh, only son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, and Miss Margot Irene Duke, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Brockham Warren, Walton-on-the-Hill, were married in June 1941, and their son was born in May this year. Lord Erleigh, who is a Captain in the Bays, won the M.C. in 1940, while serving in France. Their present home is Manor Farm, Stockton, in Wiltshire

Photographs by Swaebe



Wozzy in Action



Lord Erleigh and His Son

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Auboyneau, C-in-C. Fighting French Navy; H.E. Admiral Furstner, C-in-C. Royal Netherlands Navy, which was also represented by Rear-Admiral Termijtelyn; Admiral Kharlimov, Russian Naval Attaché; Admiral Kirk, U.S. Naval Attaché; the Greek Ambassador and Mme. Simopoulos; the Greek Naval Attaché, the Yugoslav Naval Attaché; and, among members of the Club, Commander E. G. Martin, O.B.E., R.N.V.R. (Admiral of the Club); Lieut. J. R. Smellie, R.N.V.R.; Mr. H. C. Tetley, M.C., Chairman of Committee; Mr. Tom Thorneycroft, Mr. E. Gore Lloyd and Mr. E. W. R. Peterson. One of the few men in "civvies" was Mr. Uffa Fox, famous before the war as the designer of successful small racing boats. Now he is kept busy designing small craft of various kinds for the Admiralty.

Naval Talent

SAILORS are known to have more accomplishments and resources than most people, and Commander N. Deare includes the working of gros point tapestry among his useful pastimes, after days of hard work in the Admiralty. He started it when on a holiday in France, with a party of nine others. It rained persistently, and he noticed that the only contented member of the party was a woman who did gros point all day long. So he got the habit then, and has kept it ever since, assiduously working his crest and initials, and covering chairs and stools. He also goes in for bookbinding.

In his book *Moscow '41*, Alexander Werth describes two more sailors, one of whom goes in for flower-painting, the other for the writing and neat typing of children's stories for the benefit of young relations. (It was for specific children that Lewis Carroll first privately wrote the inimitable *Alice*.)



To Be Married

The betrothal was recently announced of H.H. Prince Andrew, eldest son of H.I.H. the late Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Xenia, daughter of the late Emperor Alexander III., to Miss Nadine McDougall

Maritime Anglo-Belgian Afternoon

ANGLO-BELGIAN co-operation reaches back to the time of Edward III., and if the expression of it has changed with the centuries, its spirit was noticeable at the Charity Fair held on July 25th at M. and Mme. Dens's Sunningdale home, in aid of the families of distressed merchant seamen of both countries.

The Fair was under the patronage of Lord Leathers, British Minister of War Transport, and his Belgian counterpart, M. Camille Gutt, and some 400 people paid the ten shillings entrance fee and willingly went on spending in the many ingenious ways devised. At least half the people who had come for tea remained for supper, and Mme. Dens, wife of M. Marcel Dens, shipowner son of the late M. Leon Dens, C.B. (who was killed by enemy action in London last year), received the admiration her outstanding beauty deserves.

Much of the success of the Fair was due to the preliminary labours of a committee organised locally by Mrs. J. M. Robertson and Mrs. Charles Cavendish, and to the amazing success as an auctioneer of Captain C. Austin, from the U.S.

Important Belgians there were Baron Cartier de Marchienne, M. Spaak, M. and Mme. Jules Philipson, who have recently arrived here from France; M. Pierre Cattier, M. de Kronacher, M. Marcel Henri Jaspar, Colonel Wouters, M. and Mme. Wauters, of the Belgian Congo Bank (since losing Malay, etc., we rely on the Belgian Congo for many of our essential raw materials); Baron de Sellier de Moraufville, and Mme. Menasseh.

Others There

MOST of the people were from the Sunningdale neighbourhood, and the Anglo side was upheld by Sir Launcelot Oliphant, Lady Leathers, Lord Portarlington, Mr. Frank Aveling, Lady Enid Brown, Major and Mrs. Keith Trevor, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Lady Cottenham, Sir Frederick Peacock, Lady Cunliffe-Owen, Mrs. Parkinson, Lady Shaw, Mrs. F. Menzies, Mrs. A. Hoare, the Misses Vernon Tate, Lady Hedley, and many more. There were also the Archduke Robert of Austria, M. Krona, from the Argentine Embassy; Mr. Cecil de Sausmarez, and his father, General de Sausmarez.

Books and MSS. for Sale

THE spacious eighteenth-century rooms of 15, St. James's Square made a fine setting for the exhibition of Books and MSS. presented for the Red Cross Sale to be held at Sotheby's in October. Lord Rothschild, as Chairman of the Sale had arranged the show, and with Lady



Swache

Viscountess Milton

Lady Milton is the wife of Earl Fitzwilliam's heir, and her husband is in the Grenadier Guards. She is doing war work for six days a week, and was photographed on a day off at the Philip Hills' house at Ascot

Rothschild had the honour of showing the Queen round. Her Majesty arrived very early, and was obviously extremely interested in all the exhibits

The finest exhibit is the fifteenth-century Parisian Book of Hours from the School of Paul de Limbourg, presented by Mr. James de Rothschild, and the King's Homer in four volumes with Queen Victoria's bookplate, roused great admiration. It is beautifully printed and bound and has an inscription in his own handwriting. Ancient MSS. given in the good cause lay beside signed editions of modern authors; for instance, there was an English fourteenth-century illuminated book presented by Captain Bruce Ingram, and, by way of contrast, a copy of Rebecca West's two-volume "Grey Lamb and Black Falcon," sent by King Peter of Yugoslavia. Amongst those viewing the Exhibition were Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. James Mann, Keeper of the

(Concluded on page 184)



Lord Hindlip's Daughter is Christened at Bray

The christening of Elizabeth Tulla Allsopp, second daughter of Lord and Lady Hindlip, took place at St. Michael's Church, Bray. Above is the baby with her parents and godparents, Major F. S. Pershouse, Mrs. Irvine Gibson, Lord and Lady Hindlip and their daughter, Mrs. Blehr, who was proxy for Mrs. R. E. G. Johnson, and Sq. Ldr. C. Duveen. Lady Hindlip was before her marriage Miss Tulla Karr, the actress, and is Lord Hindlip's second wife

Anglo-Belgian Country Fair

M. and Mme. Marcel Dens
Lend Their Sunningdale Home



Little Miss Virginia Tate wore attractive national costume and found a willing victim for her Blue Angora Rabbit Raffle in Mr. David Oldham. All the money raised is to go to the aid of distressed Merchant Seamen of England and Belgium



A basket of red currants caught the eye of the Belgian Ambassador, Baron E. de Cartier de Marchienne. He bought a ticket for the raffle from Miss Patricia Maxwell-Willshire



Fortunately the weather was kind and dancing on the lawn proved a great attraction. Mrs. Ronald Gee had tall Captain Guisgard as her partner. More about the party will be found in the On and Off Duty gossip on p. 170



The auctioning of a very attractive nightdress, complete with the now forbidden lace and frills, drew a large crowd. Mme. Dens, the hostess, and wife of M. Marcel Dens, is the auctioneer, with Major Keith Trevor standing by to see fair play



Lord Portarlington was one of the many Sunningdale residents who attended the Fair, which had the patronage of Lord Leathers and M. Camille Gut



M. Marcel Dens, shipowner son of the late M. Leon Dens, lent his beautiful home and grounds for the Fair. He is seen buying a raffle ticket from Miss Bluemantle



Left: Lieut.-General Chevalier van Strydonck de Burkel, Inspector-General of the Belgian Forces, was in fine form. With his dashing boutonniere and basket of cherries, the General is trying his luck again with a ticket from Mrs. John Addington

Right: Mrs. Lloyd Dolby produced a rabbit out of a large-size rose instead of the more traditional hat. She is the very pretty daughter of Mrs. Vernon Tate (right), who was formerly the Baroness De Clifford, and is the mother of the present Baron.



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DRAINING and planting King Arthur's Avalon, that spread of veiled, mystic, salty Somersetshire flats looking on the misty Severn Sea, will not destroy much of its magic. Merlin sealed it practically fool-proof, like the Forest of Broceliande in Brittany, which would make even a stock-broker tread softly. The only thing which could kill Avalon stone-dead would be a "talk" on it by some falsetto B.B.C. don. Scurvy, cholera, and the Maulebec would then swiftly grip that ape, and he would die, chittering and raving.

In the Severn Sea, itself faëry at certain tides, there is a happy island, tenanted solely by monks and birds from the remote ages and also to-day. When autumn storms lash this island you can hear strange voices crying in the winds of the equinox, probably urging the Welch nation to chuck those mediocre part-songs by Rev. Jones and be themselves, for Heaven's sake. "Vain it is to seek the grave of Arthur," sobs the old Welch lament; but if that noble shade can ever be seen to-day, one should look for it not near the legendary Glamorgan cave where he sleeps with his knights, but in the tenth-century priory on this sacred little island, still in use and defying Time.

Explanation

THE above is a specimen of our No. 2 Celtic mood. Enter three dim old men in green boots, with thoughts of clouds.

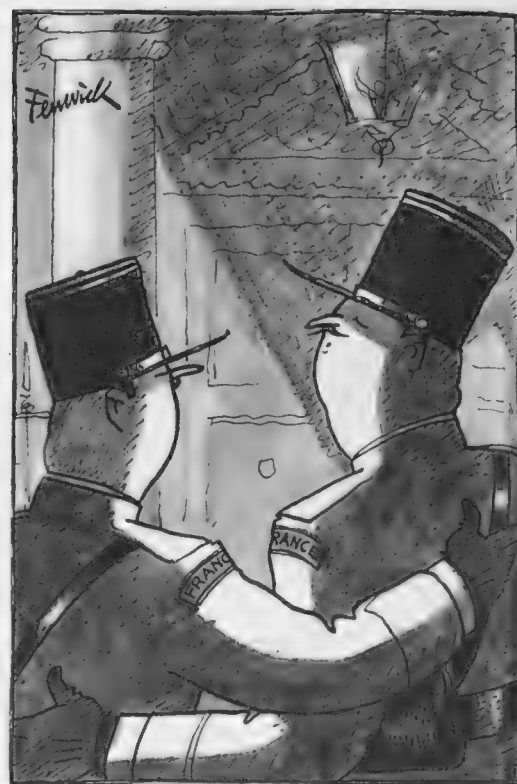
Let you be quiet now, for a great crying is coming out of Tyr-n'an Og, and the hosting of the Sidhe does be having trouble again (we conjecture) with Prince Seithenin the Drunk, who lost us Lyonesse under the waves, and he crosseyed and bosko the way the great drouth was on him, screeching and lepping to the blessed stars above like all the he-goats of Gwent, God save us.

For more designs in this (No. 1) style, hand-illuminated, top gilt, tinged with divine melancholy, printed by the weird sisters in the year of the Great Wind, tastefully framed in art plush; apply Production Manager.

Ataboy

HENRI DE MAN, the Belgian Socialist traitor, we perceive from his photograph in the rogues' gallery of M. Roger Motz's admirable recent survey, *Belgium Unvanquished*, poses with a big briar pipe like some of our eminent booksy boys and politicians. Just another sterling Old John Honesty with a heart of pure gold under a homespun, bluff exterior, that's M. de Man.

Having discussed this cynical racket before, we need only add that the straight "bulldog" type with which M. de Man expresses himself is all right for a thoughtful mood or fooling women, but a literary agent tells us it's no earthly good for laying down the law to the populace on all things human and divine. A whacking big curved model, or one of those cherrywoods roughly carved



"Non, non, après vous, Claude!"

from a single log, goes with this duty. For the "Let's-get-together-and-talk-soberly-about-Life" gambit the skilful booksy boy assumes a steady faraway gaze over illimitable horizons, the pipe gripped in the right hand. Experts can preserve this pose even when kicked suddenly in the pants.

Naturally we're discussing only studio photographs. That noble great pipe inseparable from the pan of Mr. ——— (name deleted by Censor) is actually made of milk-chocolate. Tobacco makes him so ill he faints and has to have his staylaces cut, poor sweet.

Slip

UNLESS these bloodshot old eyes deceive, the Polar Medal ribbon, which already adorned the breast of Commander Ryder, R.N., when he received the V.C. recently for his work in the St. Nazaire raid, is snowy white, striking and rare.

Last time we saw the Polar ribbon at a reception we were tempted and fell. A terrible woman novelist kept asking us what it was. At last we said desperately it was the new Government decoration for cricketers of outstanding purity. The conversation continued:

"Any special act?"

"Spurning the kisses of those French actresses."

"What French actresses?"

"Those who hang round Test pitches and try to lure our heroes into Continental folly or worse."

"I never heard that before."

"Incredible! Why, that's what Trumper got the Order of Chastity from the Sultan for in 1898."

"What did he do?"

"Tore a little wanton named Zozo La Follette from the arms of W. G. Grace as he strode to the wicket."

"So the Sultan gave Trumper the Order of Chastity?"

"Fifth Class, without palms. He also added 500 gold sequins to the M.C.C. harem's credit-account for hats at Doucet's."

That betrayed us, for she knew full well no M.C.C. harem would ever get its hats at Doucet's, but at the Army and Navy Stores. Which just shows how careful you have to be, even with women.

(Concluded on page 174)



PAT AULD

"Could you play 'I'll Walk Beside You'—or don't you understand music written in English?"



H.M. King Haakon VII. of Norway

Many Happy Returns

H.M. King Haakon VII. Spends
His Seventieth Birthday in England

It has been said of King Haakon that "he is the symbol both inside and outside Norway of the fighting spirit of that country." In 1905, at the age of thirty-three, Prince Carl of Denmark became King Haakon VII. of Norway, the first King to rule over Norway as a separate State for over five centuries. On August 3 he celebrated his seventieth birthday in this country, where he has lived since the German invasion of Norway. During thirty-five years he mastered the difficult art of being a constitutional monarch in a country of sturdy individualists and thorough-going democrats. King Haakon has always had one dominating passion: the sea, and as a young man he served in the Danish Navy. His decision to leave Norway two years ago, when further resistance was useless, enabled his Government to place a large commercial fleet at the disposal of Great Britain, and he is proud of the fact that not a single ship or sailor refused to carry out the order to leave. His life in England is a busy one; his one aim, in close collaboration with the Norwegian Government, to carry on his country's struggle for freedom and independence. He keeps in close touch with all Norwegian activities over here, making a point of talking to seamen and of meeting every Norwegian patriot who escapes to England. He is greatly helped by his son, Crown Prince Olav, who takes an active part in the official duties which he shares with his father. Prince Olav, who is a grandson of King Edward VII., was educated at Oxford, and married in 1929 Princess Märtha of Sweden. His wife and his three children are now in America



A Walk in the Country

King Haakon and Prince Olav At Home



Standing By ...

(Continued)

Camp

HASTENING to add our tribute to those recently acclaiming the stubbornness of the modern Chinese armies, we only regret that the Chinese no longer carry those oiled-paper umbrellas into battle.

This sensible custom used to be a standing joke with our comic boys, who considered it British to get thoroughly wet (or more wet). Some time ago the Guards, realising that the Chinese viewpoint was pure commonsense, began bringing umbrellas on parades when it rained; but a curt order from Wellington stopped that. He couldn't stop General Picton from using an umbrella at Waterloo to protect his top hat—a Lock model, we guess, and very expensive. Am I a sissy? said Picton. Right, I'm a sissy. Nothing looks more depressing than a wet Guardsman in full rig, but rain down the neck apparently had something to do with Drake and Hawkins.

Meditation

RAIN is abhorrent to the military genius (and especially to brasshats, whom it fills with rage and fear on account of their beautiful boots) because, we imagine, wetness and dignity are so difficult to maintain in combination. Hence the appeal of such rare works of art as Debussy's *Jardine sous la Pluie*, which depicts a rainy day at Lord's during one of those enchanting, all-too-brief periods when the players are actually on the field. Wet prelates are no less exemplary, the imperturbable demeanour of his late Lordship of Versailles in particular having aroused our sincere admiration once when we observed him caught in a thunderstorm *en grande tenue*. Wet brasshats lose every shred of humanity and gnash their teeth and gibber like apes, and, if of Corps rank, insult and terrorise shattered colonels,

crying: "Are you *glued* to that bloody horse?" and so forth, very odious. Wet hunting-men are the devil incarnate, but so are dry hunting-men, and we must be pushing on now before it gets too dark.

Check Up

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (of whom the *Observer* remarked in 1883: "Mr. Tennyson is, after all, to be a peer, and the fact has gravely disconcerted and depressed many worthy people"—*Observer, Observer*, what a snifty old cat you used to be!) was right, it seems, when he remarked:

Bright and fierce and fickle is the South,

But girls are slightly thicker in the North,

or words to that effect. One of the designers of "utility clothing" confirmed it recently.

The same thing is noted by Peacock in *The War Song of Dinas Vawr*:

The Southern girls are sweeter
But the Northern girls are fatter,
We therefore deemed it meet
To sit upon the latter.

What probably makes Northern girls shorter and plumper is that they have to sit around all their lives listening to Northern men, who know just how everything on earth should be run, and never tire of laying down the principles, especially in Manchester. Hence girls in the North get no exercise and the Turks used to admire them enormously, describing them in their poems as fullblown roses of the dawn, bulbous queens, moons of delight, disturbers of the Faithful. This view is not invariably shared by the citizens of Manchester, who regard women as slaves and pronounce the "a" in "bath" short, a distressing custom.



"— No ball!!"

When you're next in the Triana or gipsy quarter of that delightful town, go down the Calle de la Cruz, pop into *El Guardian*, and ask one-eyed José, better known as El Roncador, how La Lunita is tipping the scale nowadays. They keep her to lend her Liberal weight to those leading articles.

Outlook

ENVISAGING "Cunarders of the air" for the transatlantic passenger trade after the war, a brisk recent thinker certainly doesn't seem to be wrapped in any of those pipe-dreams some of the more owlish world-playing boys have.

The mixture as before of megalomania, speedmania, noise, stink, and general hell inflicted on mankind by the internal-combustion engine is his visualisation, you perceive, but fifteen times as thick.

Air-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté's sound warning some time ago that our only future hope of happiness is to kill the thing before it kills us seems to have been forgotten already. The automobile boys are pawing the ground and biding their time, as their ads. indicate.

If you ask them (we've done so) why engines must be made capable of more and more speed, they say to get you there more quickly. If you ask them why on earth anybody not a cretin wants to get anywhere more quickly, they goggle at you, and begin talking about revs and gaskets and sleeve-valves and other obscenities.

Joke

WE rarely make a jolly good joke in this page, partly because we leave that sort of thing to the Bouverie Street underworld (as the bishop said frigidly when the actress hung by her toes from the Palace chandelier to amuse the ruridecanal conference), and partly because it's such hell having to explain everything.

However, when we found one of the gossip-boys indulging the other day in a lot of oogle-poogle and niffnaffery over some Mayfair sweetheart or other who was said to be teaching herself Russian in her spare time, we thought of the terrific sensation it would cause at the P.E.N. Club if a certain wellknown best-selling booksy girl were to start teaching herself English in her spare time. Ha, ha, hahahaha—what?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"This has been returned from an A.-A. Unit,
it just went 'pip'!"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Edwin Lutyens Plans a New London

Sir Edwin Landseer Lutyens, O.M., President of the Royal Academy, is now at work with fellow Academicians on plans for the new London which shall rise where ruins now stand when victory is won. After the last Great War, when acting as one of the principal architects for the Imperial War Graves Commission, he designed the Cenotaph, a simple memorial admirably expressing the sincerity of the nation's gratitude to the men and women who gave their lives in the service of King and country. Since the early age of nineteen when he first designed a country house in Surrey, Sir Edwin has been planning the construction of buildings all over the world. In 1900, he was responsible for the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition; he was a member of the Committee who advised the Indian Government on the lay-out of Imperial Delhi, and was the architect of Government House there; the new British Embassy at Washington is another of his designs. In 1897, Sir Edwin married Lady Emily Lytton, daughter of the first Earl of Lytton; they have five children, one son and four daughters. His eldest daughter, Barbara, is the widow of the late Captain the Rt. Hon. Euan Wallace, who died last year. Another daughter, Ursula, is the Viscountess Ridley

John Gielgud's Macbeth

Shakespeare's Superb Tragedy
at the Piccadilly Theatre.
A Memorable Production.



"When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain?"
Thunder crashes as the curtain rises. Lightning illuminates the scene. We meet the three weird sisters, harbingers of fate, tempters of Macbeth, the cause of all that multiple tragedy that is to follow. (Dorothy Green, Ernest Thesiger and Annie Esmond)



Murderer: "Where is your husband? . . . He's a traitor"

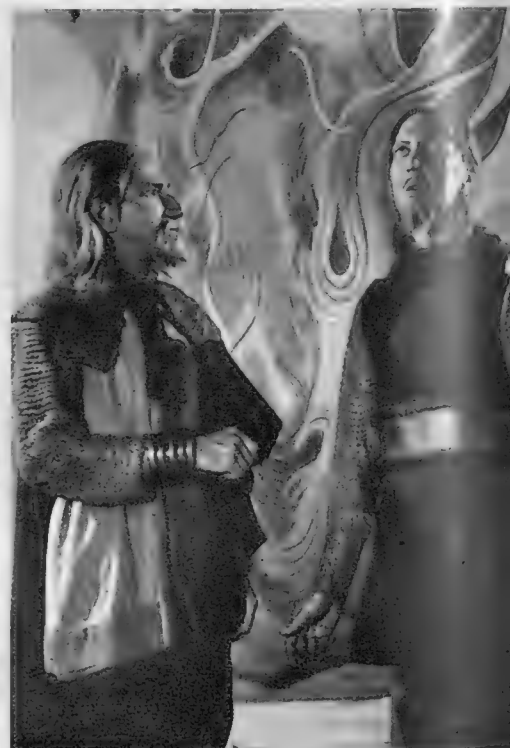
Crime follows crime as Macbeth seeks to secure his hold on the throne. "Beware Macduff; beware the Thane of Fife," the witches' words echo in his ears. Macbeth orders the killing of Macduff. His hired assassins force their way into the presence of Lady Macduff and kill her son before her eyes. (David Baxter, Thea Holme, Tarver Penna, Brown Derby)



Duncan: "Is execution done on Cawdor?"

Duncan, the King, anxious for news of final victory over the Thane of Cawdor, questions his son, young Malcolm, who reports the execution of the rebel. "Nothing in his life," Malcolm says, "became him like the leaving of it." (Emrys Jones, kneeling, and Nicholas Hannen)

To produce *Macbeth* and to play the name-part has long been one of Mr. John Gielgud's ambitions. Mr. Gielgud may be regarded as the leading Shakespearean actor of to-day; his performances as Hamlet, King Lear, Richard II., Shylock and Mercutio, to name only a few, will live long in the memory of all lovers of Shakespeare. *Macbeth* is an exacting part for a man in whose performances, sensitiveness and subtlety are the predominant characteristics. Yet Mr. Gielgud is no less than magnificent in his *Macbeth*. His perfect utterance of Shakespeare's words, giving them an unsuspected wealth of meaning for those who least at them parrot-wise at school, his immense reserves of nervous force, his virtuosity and control, make this performance a memorable achievement. Playing opposite him as Lady Macbeth is that gifted actress Gwen Ffrangcon-Davis. Supporting him are Mr. Leon Quatermaine as Banquo, Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Duncan, Mr. Francis Lister as Macduff, Mr. George Woodbridge as the porter and Mr. Ernest Thesiger as leader of the three weird sisters. Decor and costumes are by Mr. Michael Ayrton.



Macduff: "What! all my pretty chickens and
News of the murder is brought to Macduff, who
Duncan's son, Malcolm, to rid Scotland of Macbeth
sword," cries Malcolm; "let grief convert to anger
Rosse (Abraham Sofaer), Macduff (Francis Lister)



Macbeth: "Better be with the dead. . .
Than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy"
Macbeth has murdered Duncan. He reigns as King of Scotland. Bitterly, he learns that
"things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill." Fearing Banquo, he orders his death



Macbeth: "Avaunt! and quit my sight!
Let the earth hide thee"
To the tortured mind of Macbeth appears a vision of Banquo,
his comrade-in-arms murdered most foully at his command.

Photographs by
John Vickers

Lady Macbeth: "The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?"
Strong in the daylight hours of consciousness, the tortured mind
of Lady Macbeth gives way under the gentler harness of sleep.

"True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant . . ."
Banquo is sacrificed to Macbeth's overriding ambition.
Mr. Leon Quartermaine gives an unforgettable performance.



their dam at one fell swoop?"
in England, he plans with
"Be this the whetstone of your
blunt not the heart, enrage it."
) and Malcolm (Emrys Jones)



Lord and Lady Clive

And Their Daughter Davina



Viscount Clive and Davina

Viscount Clive joined the ranks of the R.A.F.V.R. just before the war, and got his commission in 1940, since when he has been piloting night-fighters. He is the only son of the Earl of Powis. His mother who died in 1929, was Baroness Darcy de Knayth in her own right, and Lord Clive succeeded her as the seventeenth Baron. He married in 1934 Miss Vida Cuthbert, only daughter of the late Captain J. H. Cuthbert, D.S.O., and of Lady Rayleigh, and their daughter, Davina, was born in 1938. Viscountess Clive, who has been for some time County Commandant of the Red Cross for Montgomeryshire, is now President for the county

*Photographs by
Yevonde*



Viscountess Clive

Women in Uniform



Pearl Freeman

A/C/W/2 I. M. Ryle comes from a well-known Air Force family, for her uncle, the late Lieut. Rhodes-Moorhouse, was one of the pioneers of aviation in England, and was the first airman to win the Victoria Cross in the last war. She is a granddaughter of the late Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, and the sister of Mrs. David Hodges. Miss Ryle has been awarded the Royal Humane Society Silver Medal for Life-saving at sea.

EVA
SAMUEL PALMER
1942



The Hon. Audrey Paget, who is seen in her uniform as a member of the M.T.C., is now leaving this Corps to join the W.A.A.F. She is the eldest of Lord Queenborough's three daughters by his second marriage to Miss Edith Starr Miller, of New York. Miss Paget's portrait is the work of Mrs. Eric Palmer, who devotes part of all proceeds from her pastel portraits to Mrs. Winston Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund.



Left: Lady Haward is Assistant Corps Commander of the Women's Junior Air Corps. Two thousand young members of this Corps, which is also known as the Girls' Training Corps, paraded in London recently and gave a display of their skill in squad drill, first aid and fire fighting. The salute was taken by Lady Sinclair, wife of the Air Minister.

Right: Mrs. Michael Balcon, wife of the British film producer, is a quartermaster in the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. She has a full-time job running the headquarters canteen and supervising six others. Formerly Miss Aileen Leatherman, Mrs. Balcon comes from a well-known Johannesburg family, and early last month broadcast to South Africa on her work and that of other voluntary workers in the Red Cross.



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Star" Tipsters

EVERYONE with a feeling heart, I opine, cannot help being moved to compassion by the spectacle of the rough handling to which the astrologers and astronomers are being subjected in our public Press. Unlike other tipsters, they have no chance of sending a different horse to each client, and thus making a certainty of hitting a winner every time. No; they are in the most unfortunate position of being compelled to name their shots and then stand the racket of the revilings of a—perhaps—quite justly-incensed populace. Even the Romany prophetesses, whose palms have to be crossed with a silver coin of the realm, are in happier case, because, after they have done their stuff about the dark gentleman and the fourteen children, they are able to vanish away softly and silently and never be heard of again. It has happened, of course, that "star" tipsters have been so stupid as to dabble in the affairs of the turf. I recall one particularly painful case of a charming Hindu gentleman who adopted the nom de course of "Zadkiel" and who did fairly well with a carefully-selected clientèle till he slipped up. It happened like this.

The Unhappy Mahatma

AT the time of which I speak there was a beautiful and most alluring lady we have called Belphebe Thompson, wife of Sir Lawrence of that clan, a legal luminary. She was a great plunger as well as being given to going like a scalded cat across country. Naturally, she always wanted to be in the money, and so, when she heard about this greasy and ringleted gentleman "Zadkiel," she was after him at once. She arranged that he should come to her lord's palatial abode on Viceroy's Cup Day in Calcutta; she undertook to provide him with the kind of lunch to

which I understand Mahatmas and Pundits are addicted—vast quantities of Oriental sweets made with camel's milk and a large bag of monkey nuts topped off with a bo'sun's nip of the best sherbet on the market. She also undertook to provide him with an enclosure ticket, so that he could work out which horse's star was in its right spot. The result was simply marvellous! "Zadkiel" tipped every winner in the card and his reputation seemed to be established upon an unassailable pinnacle. Then the deluge! As Belphebe was showering her praises on the prophet, likewise a considerable pourboire, she noted that he had India's leading daily paper in his hand. She at once borrowed it and then discovered that it was open at the sporting page. The racing correspondent, a rather well-known person, had given every winner.

War Pictures

WE seem to have stirred up quite a bit of interest over the question of Knights in Armour, Ancient and Modern, but it all makes chat and is of some particular importance at this moment in two theatres of war. Colonel Adrian Porter has written to me again apropos the picture which I mentioned, and which was, as I now remember clearly, of some French cuirassier leaders at Quatre-Bras, and he says:

Pictures are very misleading as regards kit. I saw a very fine painting once depicting the Life Guards' charge at Waterloo, wearing bearskins, cuirasses, jack-boots and white breeches, a kit which the Household wore for a short time circa 1828-38. During my years as a King's Messenger I once met a Prussian of the Magdeburg Cuirassiers, who had, during his service, worn cuirasses used at Mars La Tour in 1870, which still had the dents of the bullets on them.

The Magdeburg Cuirasseurs were very lucky



Racing at Dublin

Major and Mrs. Dermot McCalmont were at Phoenix Park Races. He is Master of the Kilkenny Hounds, and a famous owner and breeder, and lives at Mount Juliet, Co. Kilkenny. His wife is a daughter of Major P. W. Nickalls, and they have a son, born recently

that the French chassepots were not the modern rifle, otherwise there would not have been only dents. The occasion must have been when three squadrons of these Cuirassiers and three of the Altmärk Uhlans (about 800 men) charged a mass of French infantry and guns, and were then set upon by about a division of French cavalry. How any of them got out not even the survivors knew. I had the evidence of one of the cuirassier survivors sent me from the Transvaal. This was Lieut. Fritz Reuter, then a German missionary at Medingen, near Pietersburg, Northern Transvaal. He was in this mêlée at Mars La Tour (the world's record cavalry encounter), and in the thick of it made a vow to dedicate his life to God if he got out of it alive. He said that they were so tightly wedged at one time that neither side could use its weapons.



Medical Officers and Some Patients at an R.A.F. Convalescent Hospital

These seven Medical Officers photographed at an R.A.F. Hospital are: (sitting) Sq. Ldrs. Coleman, Morris, Campbell; (standing) F/O Rickards, Flt. Lt. Zinovieff, Sq. Ldr. Pocock, Flt. Lt. Kramer (Poland). Dr. Zinovieff's sister, Nadine, was the Schoolgirls' Singles Tennis Champion in 1938

Here are some of the patients: (In front) P/Os Scott (Australia), Richmond (New Zealand), Cornish (South Africa); F/Os Gregory (South Africa), Rayski (Poland). (Behind) P/Os Haines (Australia), McCormack (Scotland); 2nd Lieut. Strand (Norway), F/O Nash, P/Os Moss (Scotland), Jarvis (Rhodesia), Wozensensky (Poland)

D. R. Stuart



Leading in the Winner Poole, Dublin

Mr. Fred S. Myerscough led in his colt, *The Phoenix*, Morny Wing up, after winning the T.Y.O. Plate at Phoenix Park. Mr. Myerscough, who also won the Kilcock Plate with *Tasmanian*, headed the list of Irish winning owners last season



Officers of a Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm

D. R. Stuart

(Front row) Lieuts. R. L. M. Shannon, C. L. Storey, J. J. Dykes; Lieut.-Commander R. H. Ovey; Lieuts. D. E. Scann, J. O. B. Young, R. Gillett. (Middle row) Sub-Lieuts. R. D. Pursall, R. T. Hargreaves, N. S. Mackenzie, C. P. W. Borland, D. G. Stewart, J. P. Whatmore, W. H. Watson. (Back row) Sub-Lieuts. H. E. Silbach, R. L. Knight, J. Issaunders, G. R. Blackburn, J. C. Frater

Old Fritz Reuter who is now probably dead, for this information is dated 1931, when he must have been over eighty, could only wave his sword above his head. He never got such a real chance of using it on the enemy and the only hurt he got was from one of his own side who clumped him over the helmet and made his head sing. Otherwise he was unhurt, but most of these six squadrons were cut to bits.

Slush or Ferocity

WHATEVER may be the alleged effect of certain musical forms upon the Armed Forces of the Crown, I believe that even the most unobservant cannot have failed to notice that it—or something—is having the reverse effect upon that section of the populace usually called Mr. (and Mrs.) Man and Woman in the Street. The increase in general ferocity is very

marked, and it is of very small moment from whence it is derived, whether by infection from the Prime Minister or from contact with any member, male or female, of our fighting services. Personally, I favour both sources as fountains. There is no doubt or question as to the former, and as to the latter, no one who has seen anything of our New Model Army in the making can be under any misapprehension. We are producing and, indeed, we have already produced—a force of the gangster type which leaves Mr. Humphrey Bogart, Mr. Lloyd Nolan and their buddies and bozos absolutely standing still. No plug-ugly of the flickers, driving a car with his feet, holding a knife in his teeth and an automatic in each hand, would have a dog's earthly, as may be said, with any of our modern soldiers—and I include the Home Guard. The worst Thug from Hollywood would find himself

impelled to sit down by the wayside and burst into tears at the very sight of them even at play.

A Blind

ANYTHING in the way of slushiness which may have been observed anywhere is just a blind, the smile on the face of the tiger trying to make you believe that he had become so saturated with boogie-woogie as to have been turned into the complete twerp. To let yourself be deceived by such camouflage is very perilous. As to John Citizen's transmogrification from a sissy into a snapping turtle, surely we must have noticed it? Why, even such an hospitable ejaculation as "Have the other half?" has evoked the reply: "What the hell do you want to know for?" And the access of jungle-book atmosphere is definitely not confined to those who never have been fit for human consumption till the sun is over the masthead, and who have always been more dangerous than a king-cobra round about breakfast time. This booby-trap business is, of course, nothing new, and has been employed by the Toughs and Thugs all down through the ages. Take Julius Caesar—a sissy in private life, if ever there were one—Marcus Antonius and all that "tumbling on the bed of Ptolemy," and "keeping the turn of tipping with a slave" nonsense: take Alexander and the Clitus incident (he sliced his head off, or, as we should say, knocked his block off, at a bottle-party); take Nero and his lyre (he never even learnt how to tune a fiddle)—take any of them—all fake for publicity purposes, every bit of it. And the same thing where this alleged slushiness is concerned. Nevertheless, as to these crooners and discordant music merchants generally, I would . . . but never mind.

Andy Ducat

A YOUNG friend who was at Eton during the time that Andy Ducat was their cricket coach pays a tribute to him of which I think any cricketer would be proud. He says that "Quite apart from being one of the nicest chaps you could meet, it was impossible to be on the wrong foot if you listened to and understood what he told you." Which last means that balance was the foundation upon which he built. This means so much, in fact, almost everything, be it batting, boxing, fencing, riding, dancing, to list but a few things, and it goes even farther than that, and applies to life in general. It means learning to give things their correct proportions and how to preserve mens aequa in arduis. It is a priceless possession. Andy Ducat died the death he would have chosen, playing the game he loved and of which he was so great a master.



Sportsmen Who are Inmates of the Hospital

Two of the patients are F/O D. E. Fox, British Olympic skier in 1936, and Welsh Champion, and P/O H. K. Spark, who took part in many pre-war international sailing races, representing Britain against America in 1938. In the centre is Dr. Zinovieff



D. R. Stuart

Sq. Ldr. Daniel Maskell, Professional Tennis Champion of Great Britain, is in charge of the Hospital's physical training. With him is Wing Commander Sheen, D.F.C. and Bar, a well-known Australian pilot

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Do Words Fail?

"WORDS fail me." We use the expression often, and sometimes, I think, with a sort of complacency, when we do not wish, or feel we cannot be bothered, to describe some particular, striking experience. We are glad enough to be let out. Though there may equally be occasions when we could pick a quarrel with words, feeling angry with them for their inadequacy. But, thinking the matter over, are words really to blame? Is it they who are inadequate, or are we? May not the trouble be that it is we who are "set," timid, conventional in the way we speak, write and (sometimes) even think?

A particular blight, or stiffness, seems to come over words the moment we write them down. Many people who talk with a lively expressiveness assume an awful pomposity when they take up the pen. Until lately, this was truest of men of action. The amazing things they had done and seen were desiccated by the manner in which they wrote of them; the lively experience disappeared behind a palisade of unliving language. Happily, in the last twenty years or so there has been a loosening-up with regard to style. Possibly the Americans, with their free vernacular, may have had a hand in this—Americans always seem to be less infected by the inner species of writer's cramp. Certainly, whatever may be the reason, this war has produced a whole crop of English writers who have got their experiences across to us with the minimum of "literary" formality. They have done much to bridge the gulf, rather badly felt in the last war, between the non-combatant and the fighting man.

Most of the writers of this war have a useful, alive and elastic, rather than in any way striking, style. They are chiefly concerned with what they have got to tell; they do not attempt innovations in the shaping of sentences, the use of unusual adjectives, and so on. They aim at producing records—and what astounding records!—rather than works of art. On the whole, the work of art has had for its matter leisurely peacetime rather than intensive wartime experience.

So, in his usage of words to convey experience, Sergeant A. Gwynn-Browne is distinctly a pioneer. His *F.S.P.* (Chatto and Windus; 6s.) is a short, ultravivid book that may seem to be obscure simply because it is so direct. He has made a break with a number of those conventions—conventions so very familiar to us that we can hardly see them to be conventions at all—that cling to the English language when it is written down. He writes *exactly* as he would speak, and punctuates (or does not punctuate) accordingly. The result is, sometimes, that his pages resemble a shorthand transcript made while a rapid and highly personal talker is telling a story to someone

he knows well. Sometimes, the effect of this can be painful; the sentences throb like exposed nerves. Sometimes, too, the effect can be cryptic: one finds oneself frowning, puzzling over a line. This is skinned language—can we take it or not? And here is an entirely different rhythm from all the usual rhythms of English prose.

So far, only writers concerned first of all with writing for its own sake—Gertrude Stein, for instance, or James Joyce—have had that mixture of truthfulness and impatience that demands short-cut innovations in written English. It is with Gertrude Stein and James Joyce that we connect these almost devastating simplifications, these rearrangements of rhythm to fit a feeling, an episode or a thought. In his "Autobiographical Jottings," inside the wrapper of *F.S.P.*, Sergeant Gwynn-Browne does not mention, as part of his make-up or career, any aspirations to literature. Therefore, though we do know the outline of his past life, we are not given any hint of the history of his present adept and quite extraordinary style.

Non-combatant Troops

F.S.P. stands for Field Security Personnel. Sergeant Gwynn-Browne tells the story of his experiences from his departure from England for France, as a member of this force, in the April of 1940, up to the return to England after the evacuation from Dunkirk. Here is the third paragraph of his opening page:

I ought to say just one more thing before I begin. *F.S.P.* are scheduled as non-combatant troops. That is why there is nothing heroic in this account



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

A New Ballet Comes Into Being

Mr. Jay Pomeroy is to present a new classical ballet by Pauline Grant at the Cambridge Theatre in the near future. The ballet is called "Les Fantoches" and is based on a Venetian Idyll to the music of Schumann's "Les Papillons." Above, Mr. Pomeroy is seen approving the costume designs of Mme. Przeworska (left), while Mr. Hein Heckroth, who is doing the decor, looks on

of what we did in France and in our training for it. We did nothing heroic at all. The fighting and the heroism were done all round us by the combatant troops but we the non-combatant troops looked on and were saved. I think there are about seven times more non-combatant troops than combatant ones in the British army and in any army and we are some of them.

The onlooking, however, proved arduous—as well as dangerous and heart-breaking, as those weeks brought Dunkirk in sight as the only end. The *F.S.P.*, apparently, had been picked by a fairly high intelligence test and, essentially, had to be fluent speakers of French and, if possible, other languages. Sergeant Gwynn-Browne and the others he writes about had, prior to 1939, led pretty varied civilian lives, had a far more than superficial knowledge of human nature (Sergeant Gwynn-Browne's had been added to by hotel management) and were, by temperament as well as experience, equipped to deal with emergencies. They had also, since joining the Army, been toughened by training, and by an amount of shouting that Sergeant Gwynn-Browne considers unnecessary—in fact, he considers it brutalising. They had been taught the control and care of motor-bicycles, in spite, in some cases (including the writer's own), of a very strong aversion to these machines. In France, the duties of the *F.S.P.* were observation of morale (French civilian as well as British and French military) and the detection of

(Concluded on page 184)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE only way you can ever get to know anybody is to live

By Richard King

with them for a little while. Outside their own domain people are inevitably slightly on show. They have to be: it is their role in the tragi-comedy of life as they conceive it. I know so many men who are the best of company when in company, but their wives have a very disillusioned look! So many women who have brought charm almost to a fine art, but nevertheless their husbands clope with the cook! No, really to know anybody you must be intimate with them while, so to speak, they are forced to stay put. Otherwise, it is just like meeting people at dinner-parties or in trains—what you discover in them may actually be all wrong. Metaphorically speaking, the play is "on" and it is up to one of you to be acted off the stage. Very rarely, except amid the revealing intimacy of your own background are you giving anything more than a performance.

Thus, even in fiction, I definitely dislike the characters to be rampaging all over the world; the author assuming apparently that by shifting the scene from London to Vienna, and from Vienna to San Francisco he has discovered "plot"; in fear, perhaps, that if his puppets remained for a little while where they were we should realise they were stuffed with sawdust. And so it is with people in real life—after a certain age, if their background is perpetually fluid, as it were—they instinctively play up to their personality at the expense of character. And character alone is the only psychological attribute which forges

links. That is why people who are always seeking fresh audiences are usually

as dreary as a gramophone record which is played over too many times. You soon come to the end of all they have to tell you—and switch off.

And so, when I am interested in people I like to discover the background which they have fashioned for the quieter moments of their own inner-lives. Above all, I like to study facial expression in repose—since that, so to speak, is usually a life story in itself and often the visible sign of a soul's attainment. Even face-lifting can tell its own sad or sorry tale. Show me a man's private sanctum and a woman's bed-sitting-room, and almost as soon as you enter either room there is a revelation of the person who inhabits it. Often indeed, so soon as you enter a man's house you step into the atmosphere which is habitual. You may not be able to put your impression into so many words, but the revelation is inescapable.

Metaphorically speaking, no matter how much a town hall is built to resemble a cathedral, you would know with your eyes closed that you were not in a church. It is rather as if all the deeper thoughts, all the more passionate emotions, give an expression to a place as eventually they are impressed upon a face. So we fashion our own background in spite of ourselves, and if there is no definite background whatsoever—as happens in some cases—then there is nothing worth knowing, nothing worth remembering, nothing worth hating and nothing very much worth loving. Just the atmosphere of psychological dullness which surrounds gregarious bores.

**McQuoid-Mason — McGrath**

John T. McQuoid-Mason, R.N.V.R., son of the late Captain and Mrs. F. McQuoid-Mason, of Capetown, South Africa, married Myra Joan McGrath, daughter of Captain and Mrs. McGrath, of West Hall, Upham, Hants., at St. James's, Spanish Place

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings

**MacManus — Kopenhagen**

Captain John L. E. MacManus, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. MacManus, of Clondalken, New Church Road, Hove, and Gertrude Kopenhagen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Kopenhagen, of Alton House, Rochampton, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Fraser — Thorne**

Major Robert McNeill Hart Fraser, The London Scottish, son of Provost and Mrs. R. Fraser, of Annandale House, Locknaben, Dumfriesshire, married Mary Whitburn Thorne, daughter of the late R. F. Thorne, and Mrs. Thorne, of 11, Linden Gardens, Tunbridge Wells, at St. Mark's, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells

Spafford — Venables

Lieut. Anthony J. H. Spafford, R.A.M.C., and Jean Venables were married at St. Mary's Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill. He is the son of Brigadier and Mrs. P. L. Spafford, and she is the twin daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Venables

**Barnard — Mayers**

Peter D. Barnard, The Gordon Highlanders, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Barnard, of 23, Blenheim Road, St. John's Wood, married Jeanne Mayers, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mayers, of Penn View, Beaconsfield, Bucks., at St. Peter's, Vere Street

**Dalton — Segrave**

Lieut.-Col. C. D'A. Dalton, R.A., son of the late Major-General J. C. Dalton and Mrs. Dalton, of The Huts, Grewelthorpe, Ripon, married Pamela Frances Segrave, daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. E. Segrave, of 12, Thurloe Square, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Vine — Ogilvie**

Captain Douglas R. Vine, R.A., and Fiona Ogilvie were married in Berkshire. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Sholto Ogilvie, of Kidmore House, near Reading

**MacFayden Laing — Carnell**

Major John MacFayden Laing, R.M.R. (M.G.), of Toronto, Canada, married Ursula Frances Janette Carnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Carnell, of Sutton, Surrey, at St. Nicholas's Church, Sutton

**Lloyd-Davies — Caldwell**

Hugh B. Lloyd-Davies, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, married Mollie Enia Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Cartlaw Caldwell, at St. Osmund's Church, Evershot, Dorset

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 170)

Wallace Collection, with his wife and schoolgirl daughter; Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Lady Colefax.

Theatre News

CICELY COURTNEIDGE is organising a gala matinée at the Palace Theatre on Friday, August 14th, to raise funds for her "Ack-Ack" Comforts Fund, and the Eccentric Club's Minesweepers Dependents Fund. Jack Hulbert, Fay Compton, John Gielgud, Vic Oliver, Richard Tauber, Arthur Riscoe, Fred Emney, Naunton Wayne, Douglas Byng, Hermione Baddeley, Walter Crisham, Hermione Gingold, Nervo and Knox, "Hutch," Elizabeth Welsh, Flanagan and Allen, Helen Breen and Edith Day, have all promised to appear. Cicely Courtneidge has already raised over £2000 in six months for her "Gunners" comforts fund.

They Ride and Drive

EVERYONE is glad to see Mrs. Paul Konody, widow of the famous journalist and art critic, getting about again, having been laid up with a broken leg. She drove an ambulance in the Southwark district all through the blitz, then was knocked down by a taxi and had her leg broken in the black-out. Miss Patience ("Boo") Brand is another well-known figure, scooting round Berkeley Square, and all over London on a motor-bicycle in her dark-green despatch-rider's uniform.

Red Cross Fete

At a garden sale and fete at Calthwaite Hall, Penrith, £70 was raised in aid of the Red Cross and St. John organisation. Owing to the weather, it became necessary to carry on indoors; by permission of Lady Mabel Howard and Miss Thomson, rooms in the Hall were used.

Mrs. Joseph Harris, of Brackenburgh Tower, opened the proceedings with a short speech, and she was introduced by Mr. Southwell, of Calthwaite School, from whom the idea of the event had originated.

There were all the stalls possible in wartime, and various displays and entertainments, with the gratifying financial result mentioned above.

Lord Southwood in Hornsey

MORE activities in aid of the Red Cross took place in Hornsey, when Lord Southwood, vice-president of the Hornsey Division of the Society, was in the chair, supported by Lady Greenwood, Lady Symonds (Middlesex County President of the British Red Cross), the Mayor of Hornsey (Alderman H. G. J. Williams), and representatives of all adjacent Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Brigade organisations.

This particular large-scale garden fete, which thronged the gardens of Grove Lodge, Muswell Hill, was in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War Fund, which had a great appeal to most of the throng, who therefore enjoyed the many attractions with double satisfaction.

Lady Leathers Opens "Bring-and-Buy" Sale

THE wife of the Minister for War Transport opened another Muswell Hill event: a "bring-and-buy" sale at North Bank, organised by the Ladies' Guild of the British Sailors Society; a crowded afternoon and evening, raising the splendid total of £80. Lady Leathers spoke, also Mrs. Gammans and Mrs. Dunlop, organising secretary of the Ladies' Guild. Tea and the sale took place on the lawn, and there were also organised games, competitions, and a display by members of a dancing school.



Mrs. Randolph Churchill and Four Blitz Babies

Captain and Mrs. Randolph Churchill have lent their first home, Ickleford House, to be converted into a day nursery for Britain's "front line" babies. The nursery is to be one of eight adopted by the junior branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society, who will share the cost with the British Government by contributing ten shillings a week for every child

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

possible Fifth Columnists and saboteurs. With this end in view, it was their business to fraternise, to check up on rumours and to send in reports. Having landed, sixty strong, at Le Havre, they were divided and had areas allocated to them. Sergeant Gwynn-Browne, with two or three others, proceeded to the village of Givenchy-le-Noble. Under retreat conditions he was to become acquainted with Avesnes, Béthune, Strazeele and Loo. F.S.P. absorbed me—so much so that I cannot believe any reader can remain indifferent to this book. Its matter is, obviously, of the first interest, and its manner doubles the interest again. The effect, as one reads, is that everything in it is happening to oneself. And, though one knows the outcome of the whole story, the excitement is not lessened. . . . I have mentioned, in connection with the writing, the rather portentous names of Stein and Joyce. I should like to say that, as often, the breathless and ruthless naivety was reminiscent of that of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. That an account of (say) Dunkirk should be written in this manner is startling but, somehow, does not offend.

Morning Light

RUSSIAN literary masterpieces of the pre-Revolution days have been loved for their understanding, revered for their majesty, but, in many minds, associated with gloom. Even Tolstoy, perhaps the greatest Russian writer and certainly the most generally loved in England, shows in his novels many despondent characters. In Chekhov's poetic-realistic plays and stories the characters, though with an adorable dilatory wit and styliness, do not cease to contemplate life's futility. Turgenyev's aristocrats, peasants and intellectuals dwell, temperamentally, in an evening or autumn light. Dostoevski's high-voltaged heroes and heroines, with their surrounding caste at the edge of mania, feel life's tragic implications at every turn, and react to these and each other, throughout the novels, with the fortitude of devils or demi-gods. . . . According to temperament, English people have or have not cared for the classic Russians. Myself, I rate them above all other novelists. I am content that unanswerable questions should be raised.

The newer, or post-revolution, Russian writers, as exemplified in *Soviet Short Stories*, edited by Ivor Montagu and Herbert Marshall (Pilot Press; 2s. 6d.), appear to know all the answers. Or rather, if they do not, they feel that they should. The editors point out, in their Preface, that in these New Russian stories the old sense of futility disappears, and that a new note of vigour and optimism takes its place. In fact, a buoyant, if crudish, morning light has succeeded the subtle, mysterious evening one. Superficially, this holds good in the stories shown. They are fine short stories, and they give scope for the heroic spirit of a new, dauntless age. Though in date the stories are before this present war, we see young Russians writing in the same spirit in which they now show us that they can fight. In the Soviet, one believes in oneself, one believes in one's friends, one believes in the future. One's mind is untroubled by doubts, one's muscles are hardened by willing work, the road stretches clear ahead and the sun shines. A year has now taught us, in less-changed England, to salute and honour this new faith.

But can a nation's deep-down temperament really change with its politics? I believe that true art, like the camera, cannot lie. In so far as these different writers of *Soviet Short Stories* are, in their varying degrees, artists, I feel they record some truths of which they are unaware, and which they might even find unacceptable. In fact, even on the evidence of this one collection, I should say that Russians continue to write better when confronted by insoluble mysteries—such as Love and Death. The two finest stories in the collection, "The Cherry Stone" and "The Third Son," have these two for themes. Love and Death can never be rationalised; they can never be made to fit into any Plan. Also there survives in these Soviet stories the old Russian feeling for irony. "Second Lieutenant Also," a bitter Court comedy of the time of the ill-fated Emperor Paul I., is a nice example of this. All the writers of stories in this collection seem to me to have made a great effort to abjure anything that could be called glamour, and the description of (for instance) anything to do with satisfactory relations between comrades of opposite sexes is, consequently, rather bleak. *Realised* love, for instance, is described in a kindly and sympathetic manner, but without much grace. It is in the stories of love *unrealised* (as in "The Cherry Stone") that forbidden beauty creeps in and holds its sway. Documentarily, "Dawn of the New Day" is one of the most interesting of the stories: a handsome female veteran of the Revolution recounts her experiences—not, I must say, without a certain complacency. The story, with its quick changes and aptly-photographed characters, is like a film. The collection is to be recommended: not a page is dull, and many are strange and moving. "Hamlet," "Trial by Elders," "Happy Ending" and others all serve to cast light on the Soviet social scene.

Down on the Farm

THE latest Josephine Bell detective story, *Trouble at Wrekin Farm* (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), justifies its wrapper's claim that here is a real thriller. I liked it right from the start. That Cockney couple Elsie and Ted reappear and do good work in the Severn country, tracking Fifth Columnists. Elsie, rather to her own surprise, is a land-girl, at a dairy farm so modern that it is described as a milk factory. The ball opens with the discovery of a dead labourer in a grass-drying machine. There is an excellent climax, and even the calves (particularly the sloppy Iris) are characters.

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Statistical Step-Up

STATISTICAL control of aircraft production, unlike the Leith police dismisseth us, is not a test for sobriety, although it is almost as difficult to say as it is to understand. It is, if I have correctly absorbed and thoroughly digested the innumerable tracts, pamphlets, articles, papers and lectures on the subject, a means of disciplining manufacturing limits and bringing them all into a coherent pattern.

In the old days manufacturing limits on the tolerances to be allowed in the final measurements were selected by engineers and draughtsmen in haphazard fashion. They thought of a number, halved it and then set the works to try to line up to their ideals. It was a game of hunt the thousandth of an inch. The tendency arose to demand in all parts the closest limits which did not lead to excessive numbers of rejects. Accuracy, the unattainable, was always the aim. Now the concept is controlled and balanced inaccuracy, with limits varying with the part and with its function.

Statistics sort out the claims and settle where time and trouble devoted to working to very close limits are justified by results. It is a new Mumbo Jumbo, but this time I believe in it.

Output

OUTPUT of aircraft to-day is more than ever a matter of suitably arranging "those damned dots" and giving the manufacturer the greatest freedom allowable by the task to be fulfilled. I must requote the best illustration of the application of statistical control, although it is admittedly only a partial and much over-simplified example. An anti-aircraft gunner demands fuses to a certain accuracy. The manufacturer, after studying his problems, finds that he could make four times as many fuses with half the accuracy. With those less accurate fuses the gunner will make half the kills per thousand shots; but he will have four times as many shots and therefore he will make, in all, twice the number of kills with the less accurate

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

fuse. It must be emphasised that that is an over-simplified and partial example. It does not cover the whole working of the method. Sometimes, for instance, statistical control will call for closer limits than those at present worked to; but in all cases it will base its demands on reason and not on guesswork.

R.C.A.F.

IT becomes more than ever necessary to watch one's step in referring to the air forces of the United Nations. Some people get exceedingly hurt if the statement is made that the Royal Air Force has conducted a certain operation when, in fact, units of one of the Dominions air forces or Allied air forces also participated.

I was taken to task the other day for referring to the Polish air force when I ought to have said Polish Air Force, this being the official title of a force which is now large, highly efficient and quite separate from the Royal Air Force.

Gradually, also, the Dominions air forces are being separated more and more from the Royal Air Force. Royal Canadian Air Force units, for instance, are being built up to absorb Canadians who would otherwise have joined the Royal Air Force. In the fine actions in Egypt it was important to give recognition to the work of the South African Air Force, the Fighting French Air Force and the United States Army Air Forces. To speak of the Royal Air Force doing the work there was to give less than just recognition to the others.

In some ways I deplore this differentiation between the air forces of the United Nations. I always thought that the introduction of Dominions personnel into R.A.F. squadrons

was good for the squadrons and—perhaps one may venture to say—good for the Dominions personnel.

The fighting acted as a unifying influence and made men from different parts of the world see and appreciate the good qualities of one another. To my mind, the scattering of men from all parts of the world among the R.A.F. squadrons—as we did in the Royal Flying Corps in 1914-18—was a most valuable thing and a great help in strengthening the ties of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

M.A.P.

STRANGE shufflings are going on at the Ministry of Aircraft Production as I write. Major J. S. Buchanan, for instance, is reported to have left the Ministry to go to the Ministry of Production, and numerous other changes seem to have been made. Major Buchanan must be, I should say, the most knowledgeable man living on aircraft design. He has made it his special study for a great many years, and he has always contrived to see not only the theoretical, but also the practical side. Indeed, it is as a practical engineer with unique aircraft experience that he has been of such tremendous value to the nation. I cannot think of any other man who could fulfil as well the duties he has fulfilled.

Perhaps by the time these notes appear we shall have heard just what has happened and how it is proposed to make full use of Major Buchanan's knowledge and experience. My personal reminiscences of Major Buchanan tend to centre on the Schneider Trophy races, in which he did so much to ensure the British victory. During those interesting and technically-important events, he was the one man who saw the whole picture and who was able to weigh with accuracy the qualities not only of our own machines, but also of those who were competing against us.

Britain collected a lot of information during those races which has been of supreme value to her in the air war. And Major Buchanan was one of those who saw that no point was lost and that we derived the greatest possible benefit from each race.



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The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

There is something particularly attractive about the jumper suit pictured on the right of this page. It comes from the Knitwear department of Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road. It consists of a jersey skirt and jumper trimmed with taffeta and strikes a completely new note. There are many variations on this theme, as well as an unprecedented large selection of cardigans, twin sets and pullovers. The skirt problem is very acute, nevertheless it has been solved in a highly satisfactory way in these salons. Practical tailored suits have been designed for those who are engaged in war work that does not necessitate the wearing of uniform. Furthermore, emphasis must be laid on the fact that the needs of the older woman has been carefully considered, as well as of the younger woman who is not as slender as she would like to be

Although absolutely in accordance with the Board of Trade regulations, the Austerity frocks in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are delightful. Excellence of cut and attention to detail are their characteristic features. Two views of a dinner frock carried out in satin back romaine, are seen below. The seated figure shows the dress to which has been added a bolero of a Chinese fabric. The colour scheme is very beautiful and is in complete harmony with the draped sash, which is seen on the standing figure. This is a model which will remain undated indefinitely. It is, indeed, a gilt edge investment for coupons. Again there are well worth seeing day-time frocks with short skirts enriched with a new kind of stitchery. Neither must it be overlooked that black velvet is being used for many of the day frocks. Glass buttons are frequently used to give a touch of colour



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